



VICTORY FOR THE AMERICAN STROKE!

Cornell and Courtney Achieve a Complete
Triumph Over Harvard
and Yale.

Yale Second and Harvard Third in a Race Rowed Under Per-
fect Conditions, but in Time One Minute
Slower Than the Record.

By Julian Hawthorne.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 25.—The great race turned out to be a many-sided affair. First, there was the comic side, especially obvious to Cornell. Here were Yale and Harvard, aristocratic and exclusive, standing apart together and commencing with courteous hostility as to which of them would cross the finish line first, and in their self-sufficient haughtiness altogether ignoring poor little Cornell, who, it was agreed, had not so much as a "look-in" in the matter.

And there were about all the most renowned rowing experts in this country and in England adopting the same point of view and standing upon their experiences of ten, twenty or thirty years.

Among these persons there was one who made up for his lack of practice in prophesying by the confidence and insistence with which he obtruded his prophecies, and he was I.

And, after all, poor, slighted little Cornell, with her unconsidered crew, came bashfully to the most remote and cold-shouldered of the three stakeboats, and didn't do a thing but win the race, with so little seeming effort that one could hardly believe she wasn't rowing in a steam launch, and by such a wide margin that

it was difficult to see her and her haughty rivals, who were staggering and fainting in her wake, in the same glance.

Tragic Side to the Contest.

Then there was the tragic side. Here we have been making the greatest effort ever made to improve the art of oarsmanship in this country, bringing over for that purpose an English gentleman with a lifetime of the best sort of practical experience in both rowing and teaching how to row, and we study faithfully under him for I know not how many months and turn out a set of athletes, the least of whom looks able to whip Sandow or Flit-simmons, and their instructor expresses his satisfaction and confidence in them, and it becomes evident that if anybody knows anything about rowing, or ever has, then we have got a world beater at last; and nearly one hundred thousand persons leave their homes and business on one of the hottest days of the year and travel to Poughkeepsie and stand or sit broiling in an equatorial sun for hours and hours, and at last, in a little over twenty minutes, who shall appear at the finish but Mr. Courtney's collection of undersized oar jerkers and pull down our whole beautiful palace of air about our ears. And there seems small likelihood of our ever building it up again.

Now the Mysterious Side.

Again, there is the mysterious side. How did Mr. Courtney do it? Even when his crew were leaving the others out of sight they did not seem to be rowing either

WHAT COACH COURTNEY HAS TO SAY.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 25.—Charles E. Courtney, coach of the Cornell crew, made the following statement to-night:

"About all I care to say is a few words of praise for the boys who won the race. They would be a credit to any coach, and although I was somewhat severe with them at times, I am very fond of them and cannot praise them too highly for the enthusiasm and zeal with which they have obeyed my orders and the consistency with which they have trained. They deserved the race and won it on their merits."

"Until the Yale crew rowed away from the starting point to-day I actually had not seen them row, but it did not take me long to size them up, and I felt no further fear of losing the race. I had previously told the crew they would have no trouble in beating Harvard. I think the conditions for fast time were better than they were last year, but we were not forced to row our very best to-day. This crew is a full second faster than was last year's crew."

Strokes Used by Each Crew in the Race.

Crew.	Start.	Stroke.	$\frac{1}{4}$ Mile.	$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.	$\frac{3}{4}$ Mile.	1 Mile.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ Miles.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ Miles.	2 Miles.	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ Miles.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ Miles.	3 Miles.	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ Miles.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ Miles.	4 Miles.	
Cornell	38	3	36	1	36	1	33	1	32	1	32	1	32	1	32	1	32	1	34
Yale	34	1	34	2	34	2	33	2	35	2	34	2	35	2	34	2	36	2	35
Harvard	36	2	34	3	32	3	32	3	33	3	33	3	33	3	32	3	31	3	34

Cornell won. Time, 20 minutes, 34 seconds. Yale was second by three lengths and a half. Time, 20:44. Harvard came in third, five lengths astern of Yale. Time, 21 minutes.

Cornell's time by miles—First mile, 4 minutes 45 seconds; second mile, 10:39; third mile, 15:34 3-5; fourth mile, 20:34.

effectively or hard; and, stranger yet, the time was so slow—in spite of all the conditions being the most favorable that anybody could have imagined or desired, that every crew in the race had beaten it in practice, as many crews of former years had before them, and in the freshmen race of three days ago every one of those strapping eighties actually made their two miles in better time, though in much worse water, than did the great Varsity crews, winners or losers. Nothing could be more mysterious and bewildering than this: if Cornell had won in eighteen minutes, for example, there would have been some comfort in it; but to win over such extraordinary crews as Yale and Harvard in the freshman time of twenty minutes odd is preposterous and portentous, and what it portends we know not.

There is still the aesthetic side; one of the grandest of rivers displaying its fairest of reaches under a glorious blue cloud-flecked sky; its lofty banks, lovely with foliage, crowded with stupendous masses of human beings fluttering with bright colors; and its bosom freighted with a thousand

of the prettiest and most graceful pleasure boats ever designed, all bejewelled with tinted flags; and along its western shore a serpent half a mile in length, red, white and blue, with a head of steam at each end of it, gliding swiftly up and down; and shoutings, steam screamings, and cannon firings—certainly there was nothing lacking to the aesthetic side of the great race, unless it was lemon juice in the lemonade. Finally, there was the race side of the affair, though that was rather one-sided. Nay, of this I made constant notes during the progress of the struggle, and I am therefore able to speak by the notebook in what follows.

Harvard was the first to reach her stakeboat; indeed, she was there when we arrived, for the observation train, which was shamefully mismanaged, did not reach the starting point till ten minutes after the appointed hour. Cornell pulled out next, in her colorless, mechanical, uninteresting way, and nobody paid much attention to her. Finally proud Yale deigned to get into her boat and took her position; and it was 3:44 o'clock, local time. The referee's



Courtney, the Cornell Coach.

steamer came down within sixty feet of them, and "Are you ready, Yale?" "No!" Yale was not. But when the question was repeated they all were ready, and "Go!" thundered through the megaphone. They were off, amidst a roar miles long, followed by a hubb, as we bent forward to see who had the lead.

Yale started behind Harvard; but they were as nearly level as possible after rowing a dozen strokes. Cornell was half a length to the rear, and would, of course,

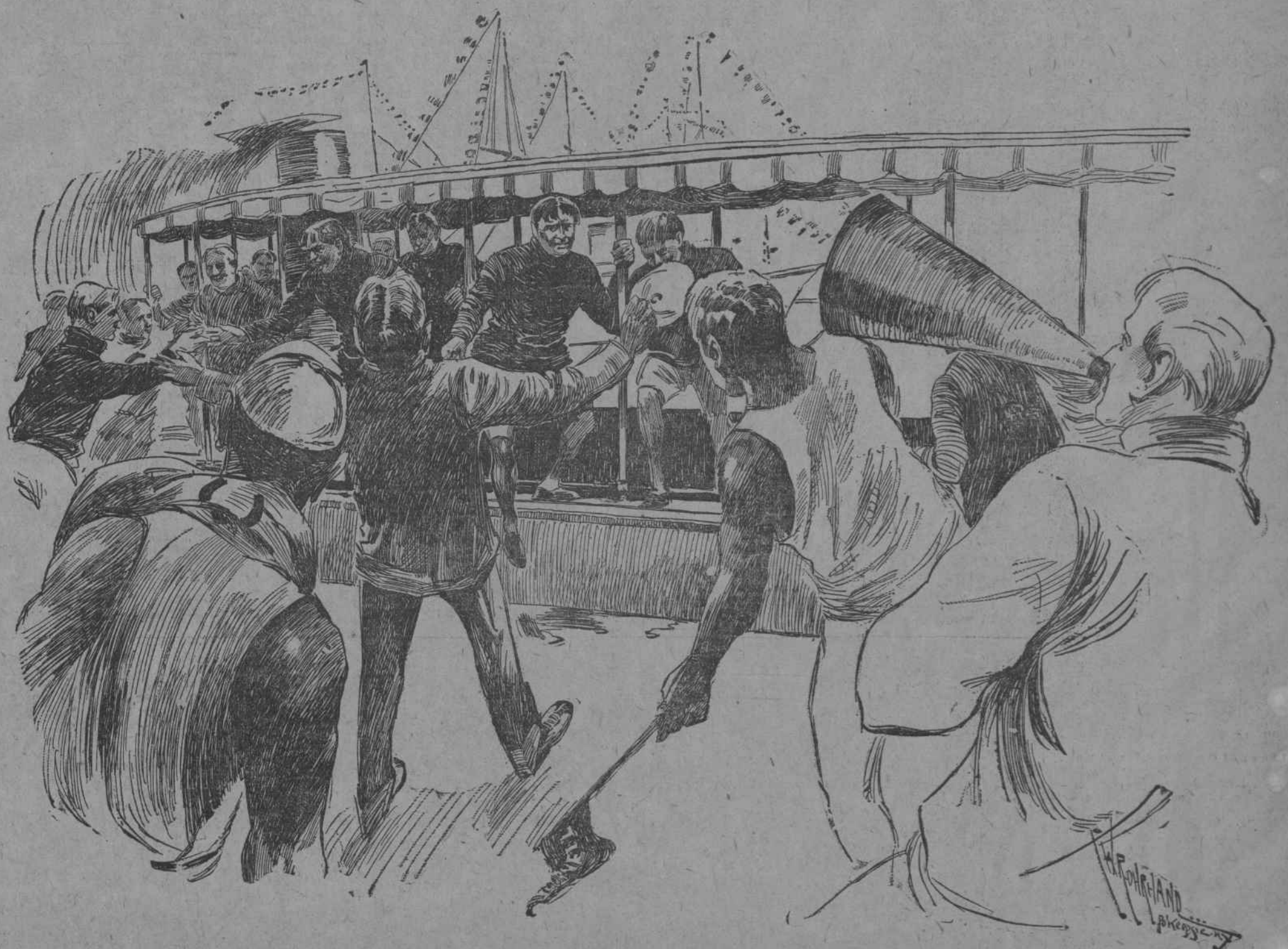
soon disappear entirely. Then, for a moment, all were even, or else the slant of the course deceived the eye. The race was really very close here, and we were all so intent and anxious that we forgot to make our usual noise.

As It Looked at the Mile.

At the mile it certainly looked as if Cornell were ahead a little, but it must be an optical deception; the thing was absurd. At the mile and a half we were forced to the belief that our eyes were truer than



FA. BRIGGS
The Stroke
"Oar" of The
Winning Crew



RECEIVING THE VICTORIOUS CREW AT THE CORNELL BOAT HOUSE.